1. What meane you ſir?
Per. To beg of you (kinde friends) this coate of worth,
For it was ſometime Target to a King,
I know it by this marke: he loved me dearely,
And for his ſake, I wiſh the having of it:
And that you'd guide me to your Soveraignes Court,
Where with it I may appeare a Gentleman:
And if that ever my low fortune's better,
Ile pay your bounties; till then reſt your debter.
1. Why wilt thou turney for the Lady?
Per. Ile ſhew the vertue I have borne in Armes.
1. Why take it, and the gods give thee good an't
2. But hearke you my friend, t'was we that made up this g
ment through the rough ſeames of the waters: there are cert
condolements, certaine vailes; I hope ſir, if you thrive, you'l
member from whence you had them.
Per. Beleeve it I will:
By your furtherance I am cloathd in Steele,
And ſpight of all the rupture of the ſea,
This Iewell holds his building on my arme:
Vnto thy value I will mount my ſelfe,
Vpon a Courſer, whoſe delight ſteps,
Shall make the gazer joy to ſee him tread;
Onely (my friend) I yet am unprovided of a paire of Baſe
2. Wee'l ſure provide, thou ſhalt have
My beſt gowne to make thee a paire;
And Ile bring thee to the Court my ſelfe.
Per. Then honour me but a Goale to my will,
This day Ile riſe, or elſe adde ill to ill.

Enter Simonides with attendants, and Thaiſa.

King. Are the Knights ready to begin the Triumph?
1. *Lord.* They are my Liege, and ſtay your comming,
To preſent themſelves,
King. Returne them, we are ready, and our daughter h
In honour of whoſe birth, theſe triumphs are,
Sirs here like beauties childe, whom Nature gat,

For men to ſee, and ſeeing wonder at.
Thai. It pleaſeth you (my royall father) to expreſſe
My commendations great, whoſe merits leſſe.
King. It's fit it ſhould be ſo; for Princes are
A modell which heaven makes like it ſelfe:
As Iewels loſe their glory, if neglected,
So Princes their Renownes if not reſpected:
Tis now your honour (Daughter) to entertaine
The labour of each Knight, in his device.
Thai. Which to preſerve mine honour, Ile performe.

The firſt Knight paſſes by.

King. Who is the firſt, that doth preferre himſelfe?
Thai. A Knight of *Sparta* (my renowned father)
And the device he beares upon his ſhield,
Is a blacke Ethyope reaching at the Sunne;
The word; *Lux tua vita mihi.*
King. He loves you well, that holds his life of you.

The ſecond Knight.

Who is the ſecond, that preſents himſelfe?
Tha. A Prince of *Macedon* (my royall Father)
And the device he beares upon his Shield,
Is an armed Knight, that's conquered by a Lady.
The Motto thus in Spaniſh. *Pue Per doleera kee per forſa.*

The third Knight.

King. And what's the third?
Thal. The third of *Antioch*; and his device,
A wreathe of Chivalry: the word, *Me Pompey provexit apex.*

The fourth Knight.

King. What is the fourth?
Thai. A burning Torch that's turned upſide downe;
The word; *Qui me alit me extinguit.*
King. Which ſhewes that beauty hath his power and will,
Which can as well enflame, as it can kill.

The fift Knight.

Thal. The fift, an hand environed with clouds,
Holding out gold, that's by the touch-ſtone tride:

The